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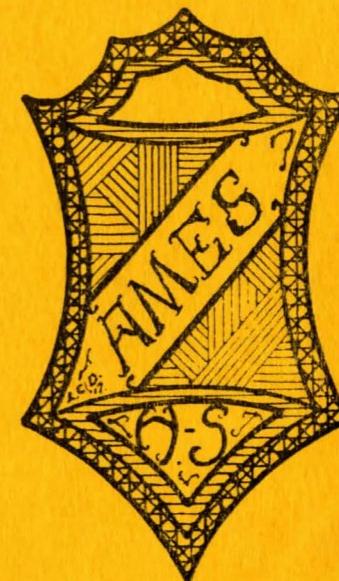
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THE SPIRIT

VOL. XII AMES HIGH SCHOOL, AMES, IOWA No. 6

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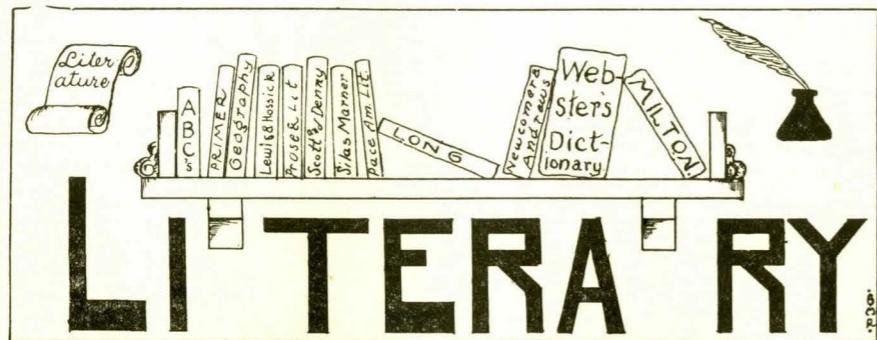
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**THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING**

Darkness was veiling the valley of the S^t. Lawrence and dark clouds hovered in the sky which gave fair warning that it was going to be a starless and moonless night. The wind was changing to the northeast and the atmosphere seemed to foretell the coming of a snowstorm.

All these prophesies, Mrs. Washington watched with eagerness as she went about her evening chores. To her, the day had been one of pleasure for she had spent it in making preparation for the next day's gaiety—the next day was Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving Sun smiled upon the valley—and fruit cake, pumpkin pies, deep red cranberry sauce stuffed apples and dressed turkey arrayed the pantry shelves. The whole house had been set in order and the fires in the fireplace and the kitchen range burned brightly, filling the home with comfort and welcome.

Late in the afternoon, Mr. Washington harnessed his favorite team and had started out in the sled over the snowclad valley and hills to the nearest town—some ten miles distant—to meet the six o'clock train. They were expecting on this train, their two daughters, Angeline and Marie and their families who were coming to spend Thanksgiving with them. To Mr. and Mrs. Washington this was to be a great event. Six years had glided by since Marie—the youngest had kissed them goodbye and gone to a home of her own. Now no one was left to comfort them and drive away loneliness. How glad they were that the children were to be with them once more for Thanksgiving.

The clock struck six as Mrs. Washington

crossed the threshold after completing her last duty, and already tiny snowflakes were rapping gently on the window pane. She said to herself, "Now they will soon be on their way," and cheerily singing to herself began preparing the evening meal—peering out of the window now and then to see if the storm was growing worse.

Suddenly the wind howled and whistled about the house; the snow beat loudly upon the window pane which indicated the progress of the storm. Mrs. Washington stepped to the door to look out, but the wind caught the door from her grasp and sent it banging against a chair—at the same time sending a gust of snow across the room. She gasped, snatched for the door doorknob and finally forced the door shut; but only with great exertion. She fell back into a chair.

What was she to do? How were they to get there thru such a storm? But they must be on the road some where and there were only a few houses between their home and Walker—the nearest town. They had no telephone. It was now seven o'clock and they should be half-way home. Thus her thoughts ran as she sat there listening to the storm raging outside and seeming to grow worse every minute.

Eight o'clock came and passed—eight-thirty, and no one. Nine—nine-thirty—no husband—no guests. By this time she was forced to keep busy in order to quiet her nerves. All she could imagine was that they had been swept from the grade by the angry wind and buried in the rapidly drifting snow. She kept both fires still burning brightly and endeavored to keep the supper warm. She also brought from the attic, a

box of old playthings which had been stored there since her children out-grew them, and placed them in front of the fireplace for her grand-children to play with when they came. Tears came into her eyes as she set them down and she sobbed to herself.

Finally, thru worry and complete exhaustion, she fell asleep on the rug in front of the hearth.

The storm suddenly ceased as if by some magic power, but she knew nothing of it. The coo-coo clock from the corner called out eleven, but her sleep went on undisturbed.

The door flew open about midnight and in rushed little Anna Belle and Betty, aged four and five respectively, followed by their mothers. Mrs. Washington stirred in her sleep and when she finally awakened she found, leaning over her, Angeline and Marie; and Betty and Anna Belle were playing with the toys beside her.

"The train was late and we had to shovel snow part of the way home before we could get through," exclaimed Marie as she kissed her mother.

"The men are putting the team away," added Angeline.

Vivian Griffith, '23.

THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP

Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and clear with just enough chill in the air to put pep into one. The football boys of Cameron High were in great spirits for they were sure of victory over Danfield High, the neighboring school whom they were to play that afternoon.

It was the last game of the season and as both teams had won all their previous games, this would determine who would win the Championship, for all the other teams had been eliminated. The news had been circulating that the Danfield team weren't as honorable as they might be, so the Cameron boys were warned to be on their guard.

The game was to be played at Danfield, so the Cameron team and its rooters were to take the 9:15 train to that town. They were waiting at the station laughing and yelling. Bates, the quarter back hadn't put in his appearance, but the crowd wasn't worried for

he had a wide reputation for getting every place at the very last minute. The train pulled in and contrary to his usual custom Bates didn't come. The crowd was thoroughly alarmed now. Just as the train was about to pull out, a messenger rushed up to Captain Arnold and announced breathlessly, "Jim Bates broke his ankle while running to the station." A wail arose, for Bates was one of the best players. The members of the team didn't say much but they could not disguise their crest-fallen spirits entirely. The train pulled out and the "bunch" finally settled down.

In the excitement of a few minutes before no one had noticed that there were dark threatening clouds gathering in the skies. Therefore they were quite surprised to see the raindrops spatter down, but this time they were determined not to lose their pep and gave the team several rousing cheers.

They arrived at Danfield about eleven o'clock. It evidently hadn't rained quite so hard there so the boys were somewhat encouraged by this. After seeing a little of the town they all went to the cafe where they ate dinner. Then they went to the football field.

The game was called at 2:30. The bleachers were filled with enthusiastic spectators and as the teams came out on the field they cheered wildly. Danfield chose to kickoff and they sent the ball almost to the goal, one of their own men getting it. A few more minutes and they had a touch-down and goal kick. Danfield rooters were hilarious but showed their poor sportsmanship by giving the Cameron team the "Razz." But Cameron wasn't through, in fact they hadn't started yet. The Danfield team, grew too confident at this easy gain and consequently in the second quarter their opponents had tied the score. No more points were made in the first half. The Cameron boys felt better now. The field had been a little wet during the first half, making it more difficult for them particularly on a strange field but the Sun came out during the intermission and dried it up.

The whistle blew and the fight was on again. Cameron kicked off, Danfield got the ball but was stopped in the twenty-five yard line. Cameron was fighting now and

prevented the other team from making gains, thus getting the ball. In the next play a Danfield man was off side, but the linesman who sided with Danfield failed to penalize them. Cameron's team saw this however, and called the referee's attention to it, so Cameron gained five yards. This angered Danfield and brought grim determination to their foes. Bill Raines, Sub for Bates hadn't done much, but he could run, so Arnold at Center, decided to have Raines call his own signals, trusting to Providence for the best. But just then the whistle blew ending the third quarter.

The crowd in the bleachers was wild with excitement. Both sides were yelling themselves hoarse, one endeavoring to out-yell the other. Again the whistle blew and the teams started on Cameron's twenty yard line. Arnold, according to his plan, passed the ball to Raines, who hesitated not a moment, but with a do or die expression written over all his features, dashed through the line dodging this one and that with almost uncanny ease and at last reached the goal and planted the pig skin over the line.

The people in the bleachers were almost stunned at first because of the unexpected pay, but the Cameronites soon found their voices and the air was filled with shouts and exclamations of joy. To complete their satisfaction Raines, the hero of the hour, made a successful drop kick and added the extra point.

After this Danfield seemed to lose all hopes of victory and while they didn't gain any more they held the others down and the game closed with the score fourteen to seven in Cameron's favor.

So, by playing a fair square game and making the best of many disadvantages, the Cameron team won the State Championship and showed that honesty is always victorious in the end.

Marian Hagen '24.

Convinced of Error

Teddy: "I wish I hadn't licked Jimmy Brown this morning."

Mamma: You see how wrong it was, don't you, dear?"

Teddy: "Yes, 'cause I didn't know till noon that he was going to give a party."—Western Christian Advocate.

MARGERY'S THANKSGIVING

It was the week before Thanksgiving and Margery Maynard was happier than she had ever been since her mother had died in the spring. When the supper work was finished Margery went into the other room and for the tenth time that day she drew a slip of paper from the table drawer and glanced with a smile at the figures. They still furnished her with a great satisfaction for she slipped them into the drawer and turned with a smile to greet her brother who had just come in from the barn.

Since her mother's death in April, Margery had been keeping house for her father and brother. Farming is not a very prosperous occupation and Margery knew that she could not, that winter, take the time to get to and from school and keep house also. Therefore her prospects for school that year were not very bright. She was an ambitious girl and was planning to go to business college as soon as she could finish high school.

Her father had told her, the night before, that if she could find a way to raise a hundred dollars that he could add to it enough to buy a car. Then it would be possible for her to get to and from school more quickly and to have time for the housework. So she had been very eager to take advantage of her father's offer. At first Margery had been discouraged but during the night she had thought of her turkeys. She had a fine flock of about twenty-five of which she was justly, very proud. This year turkeys were selling especially high and after her figures had for the tenth time, told her that the product of the approximate weight of her turkeys and a certain number of cents per pound, amounted to about \$100, she had made up her mind to sell them all except her old pet gobbler.

Today she had sung gaily while doing her work and had told her brother of her plans. He had been as pleased as she and had promised to help her take care of the turkeys and get them to market.

The Tuesday before Thanksgiving was a bright, clear day. Margery arose early to prepare some of the usual Thanksgiving goodies. She was a good cook and had insisted that all the relatives should come and have Thanksgiving dinner with them, so

that they would see that a seventeen-year old girl was capable of keeping house. She dressed a turkey and made cranberry jelly before it was time to get breakfast for her father and brother.

She hurried to school. The time couldn't pass too quickly for her because she was planning to hurry home and, with the help of her brother, catch all the turkeys and have them ready to take to town in the morning. While she was eating her lunch with some of her girl friends she laughingly promised them a ride on Thanksgiving day.

As soon as she reached home, after changing her dress, she went out to catch the turkeys. They were not near the house or barn nor in the grove. She sprinkled some grain on the ground and called them; but still there was not one turkey in sight. As yet unwilling to believe that the turkeys had been stolen, she went farther out into the fields but there was no use to deny it longer; the turkeys were gone.

Or her way back to the house she caught sight of a turkey and her hopes rose high. But they were rudely dashed to earth when she found it was her pet and that there were no other turkeys on the farm.

"Still," she reflected addressing the turkey, "I suppose I can be thankful for you." There were tears in her eyes as she thought of giving up her school. But she brushed them away hurriedly and with a smile went on towards the house.

Yet in spite of her higher courage her heart was very heavy as she got the supper. Her father came in soon and her brother followed but she was too blinded by her sorrow to notice that her brother had on his good suit instead of his overalls. She was unusually quiet as she put the supper on the table and after eating almost nothing she excused herself saying that she had a headache and was going to lie down for a little while.

She walked slowly upstairs and threw herself on the bed sobbing wildly. The cry did her good and after a little she grew quiet; arose and bathed her face and went down to do the work in as happy a mood as possible considering her disappointment.

She was more natural as she stepped into the kitchen and noticed that her brother

had on his good suit. "Fred Maynard," she exploded, "you go change that suit. The cleaner has raised his price and we need every cent we can save."

Her brother laughed, "Oh, come off, Sis! I've got something to show you."

Margery turned to the dishes. "Go away. I'm busy, you tease. If you stay you must wipe the dishes. What is that!?"

The next Margery remembered she was in the living room and at last in possession of a slip of paper which Fred had flashed in front of her eyes just long enough for her to catch sight of her own name. She gazed at the slip incredulously and then transferred her look of amazement to her brother who stood by, laughing.

"Fred Maynard, you wretch, explain yourself and this. "Then turning grave she added, "I didn't tell you at supper but all the turkeys except one have been stolen. Why you inhuman creature, to stand there and laugh when my turkeys and school have gone up in smoke."

There was a sob in her voice as she finished and for a second Fred looked bewildered. Then he burst out. "Don't you understand, Sis? You've got your turkeys in your hands."

Then noticing her blank look he continued, "You stupid, you surely do need some more schooling. I heard of a chance to sell your turkey for three cents more a pound in the city so I caught and shipped them and you have a perfectly good check for one hundred and fifty dollars."

Thanksgiving day was indeed a happy day for Fred, his father and Margery. All of the relatives came for dinner and declared Margery to be as good a cook as her mother had been, which was praise indeed. And not one of them noticed that Fred winked at Margery when the turkey was brought in and that Margery smiled back.

Her father had, the day before, brought the new car out to the farm and in the afternoon Margery, who had driven before, took those friends to whom she had promised a ride, for a long drive in the crisp, bright, November air.

She came home, soon after dark with bright eyes and rosy cheeks. As she came into the yard she noticed the cozy appearance of the lighted windows and saw her

father sitting before the blazing fire with one hand gently stroking the head of the great collie; and stopping, for a moment, she thanked God, in her heart, for a father whom she could make happy and a brother who was the best pal a girl could have.

F. J. '24

A THANKFUL THANKSGIVING

Jack Roberts was in France when the Armistice was signed. The folks at home knew he was supposed to be there but they had not heard from him for many months. Mother and "Dad" wondered if he was alive or dead, and if he would get home for Thanksgiving.

Jack had never missed coming home for Thanksgiving before and he surely would not now, unless something very unusual happened. Jack had stayed at home more than the other two boys in the family, and had always helped his mother a great deal. All through High School he had helped her with the work around the home and he had always helped get Thanksgiving dinner, because, he said, she had no girls to help her so the boys ought to. The other boys often joked about it but that made no difference to good-hearted Jack.

When he went to college, he had come home just the same every Thanksgiving to help Mother get the dinner. His brothers and "Dad" often said they wondered what Mother would do if Jack would not come home once.

After Jack was out of college he began his career in a town several hundred miles from home. He succeeded in his business here and won many friends. When Thanksgiving came around there was much to do but he went home just the same.

The war had broken out now and Jack felt that he must fight for his country, for he had no dependents. So soon after Thanksgiving he enlisted, and bidding his Mother and "Dad" good-bye he left for New York.

From there he was immediately sent to France. The folks heard from him in New York and when he reached France, but only once had they heard after that. Then the letter had been censored so much that all they could read was that he was in the

front lines and had saved his "pal" by carrying him, wounded off "No Man's Land."

Mother and "Dad" waited and waited until June and yet no letter had come from Jack. "Dad" said they would surely get one by the next month, but when next month came it was the same way, and the next. Mother had become worried now and had grown a little pale, for she wondered if Jack was hurt or dead.

Each day passed without a word, and each day Mother grew more quiet. This was not like Mother's usual pleasant self and "Dad" tried to cheer her but it did little good.

At last Mother had become so tired that she could scarcely do her work. Then "Dad" began to worry over Mother. He hustled around and tried to help cook but no one but Jack could quite suit Mother's way.

By November Mother had to have some one do the work and all she said was she wondered if Jack would get home for Thanksgiving. "Dad" did his best to help Mother and when he was not doing that he walked to the post office to see if there was anything from Jack. He told Mother that Jack would surely write if he could not get home for Thanksgiving. Mother in a way believed "Dad," but when the day before Thanksgiving came and still no word from him she gave up all hopes of her Jack or even a letter from him.

Mother planned the meal for the next day and had the hired-girl prepare it just as Jack always did.

Thanksgiving morning beamed bright and clear and everything seemed glad and thankful that the terrible war was over. Mother was glad of it too, but deep in her heart she was sad, for her Thanksgiving would not be as it had been other years.

When she knew everything in the kitchen was right she slowly climbed the stairs to her room where she put on her pale lavender dress that Jack liked so well.

Then after she had taken another look in Jack's room which she had fixed as he always had it, she went down stairs, for she heard the boys come. They all kissed her and told her how lovely she looked, but remarked about how much whiter her hair was.

Dinner was ready now and all took their

places around the table, even a place was left for Jack as Mother wished it.

Then Mother thanked God for this day of joy and peace once again, and softly said that she wished Jack might be brought back to her and the family. As the name Jack crossed her lips it seemed like a miracle, for the door softly opened and Jack tiptoed to his Mother's side.

When Mother had finished the blessing and slowly raised her head, Jack bent his ear and kissed her. Mother's prayer was answered. Jack was the same dear Jack and his kiss meant more than ever before, but somehow something had changed.

By his side hung an empty sleeve. He had not saved his pal's life without sacrifice, and this accounted for the long weeks of worry and anxiety at home.

—Dorothy H. Allen, '24

THEIR FIRST BASE BALL GAME

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones had decided to go to the first base ball game that was to be held in the city of Bentonsport. Neither of the women had ever seen a base ball game.

Finally the time came, and Bentonsport was going to play a neighboring town at Bentonsport. The two old women were right on deck.

They sat on the bleachers and watched the game for quite a while, neither saying a word. Finally Mrs. Brown began to talk.

"That man out there in the middle of the pasture sure is a bum player, why he can't even throw the ball so the hitter can hit it."

"I should say he is bum," said Mrs. Jones, "why—oh there he hit it. Look at that man run. Isn't he wonderful. Why what is the matter? They say he's out. When some one does make a good play they put him right out of the game. Why is every one yelling?"

"Our man caught a fly," butted in Mr. Thompson, who was sitting back of the women.

"Caught a fly? Why did he catch it in his hands? I think he is foolish for chasing flies on such a hot day, and to think of him catching them in his hands, why I would use a fly swatter if I were he," replied Mrs. Brown in disgust.

Nothing more was said for some time.

Finally a cry of "Thief, Thief," came from the crowd spontaneously.

"Thief," shouted Mrs. Jones, jumping to her feet and looking around, "Why I don't see any thief?"

"Oh that man out there stole a base all," replied Mr. Thompson.

"Stole a base? Why the mean thing. Why—he's standing there grinning at the people. Why don't they do something to him? They all seem to like him for it."

"They wanted him to steal it," replied the kind Mr. Thompson.

"Wanted him to? Why I don't think that Baseball is a nice game at all if it teaches boys to steal," answered Mrs. Jones.

Again there was a long silence that was finally broken by a call of "Strike Two."

"What did that caller say?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"That is the Umpire and he said 'Strike Two,'" answered Mr. Thompson.

"The Empire? What Empire?"

"No, No; The Umpire of the game."

"Oh I see, thank you. What was the matter then?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"That man out there caught a fowl."

"A fowl? I think it is mean of him to stop right in the middle of the game and catch a fowl. I bet it was one of the neighbor's chickens. Do you suppose he will stop to cook it now. I sure hope not, it is terrible hot out here."

"What is that man doing now?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Oh he is just stepping up on the plate," answered Mr. Thompson.

"On the plate? Why do they have cups and saucers too? I suppose they will serve lunch pretty soon."

"Oh no, no—it is so hard for you women to understand the game." Just then the game was ended and every one started to run.

"What is every one running for?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"The game is over. It's a tie," answered Mr. Thompson.

"A 'TIE'? Oh is that what they were playing for? I suppose they will take turns in wearing it."

The two women, satisfied with their first base ball game left the ball diamond that afternoon in contentment.—A. M. '22.

ABOUT SCHOOL

EVER WRITE ANYTHING?

Did you ever write anything for the Spirit?"

Most of you can shout "No!" Some few have we'll concede.

Still most every one will agree he would like to see an article he has written, printed. Though in conversation of course they will not admit it.

Did you ever write a story you thought was very good, hand it to your English teacher and have it returned with an E or Very Good? If you did, and most of us have, then was the time you should have let the school know about it and handed it to someone on the staff.

Do you keep your imagination at work and your ears open for gossip? If you do, you're just the sort of a person we like if you put your thoughts on paper and hand them to us.

JOKE BOX

The Joke Box is on the shelf at the north end of the library. Seemingly few people know it if we are to judge from the number of jokes we find there.

To many students the use of that little brown box is a mystery, they wonder, "Do I have to put my name on the jokes I put in?" "Do I have to first show them to the joke editor," and all sorts of other outlandish questions, in reply to which we'll say, "All you have to do is find a good joke (or poem) and drop it in the box."

The people who always wonder why there aren't more jokes in the Spirit don't stop to realize that the whole paper is a joke—if there is not enough humor.

Therefore students if you don't want your paper to be a joke, stuff the joke box.

An "X" of Affection.

Little Dorothy (watching mother vote): "You voted for the man you love best, didn't you?"

Mother: "Why, dear?"

Dorothy: "Because you put a kiss after his name."

THE GRINNELL CONVENTION

Lawrence Reis, John Hawley and Donald Acheson, the lucky stiffs, got off Thursday afternoon and Friday to attend the Third Annual High School Press Association convention at Grinnell.

The trip down via Marshalltown proved uneventful in the extreme.

Thursday evening and Friday morning were spent in "Cards," etc. On Friday afternoon the first meeting took place. Several fine lectures were given and the last tiling in the afternoon a business meeting was held. Nine people were selected to serve as nominating committee.

Friday evening a banquet was given the delegates, in the Women's Dormitories, dancing was also indulged in.

Saturday morning a business meeting was held, electing Davidson of Burlington for President, Donald Acheson of Ames for Vice President and Miss Whinnery of West High, Secretary and Treasurer.

After this a round table and discussion were held. It was decided to use our exchanges more, and to cut out personal jokes in our papers. Several other matters were taken up while the business section held their meeting.

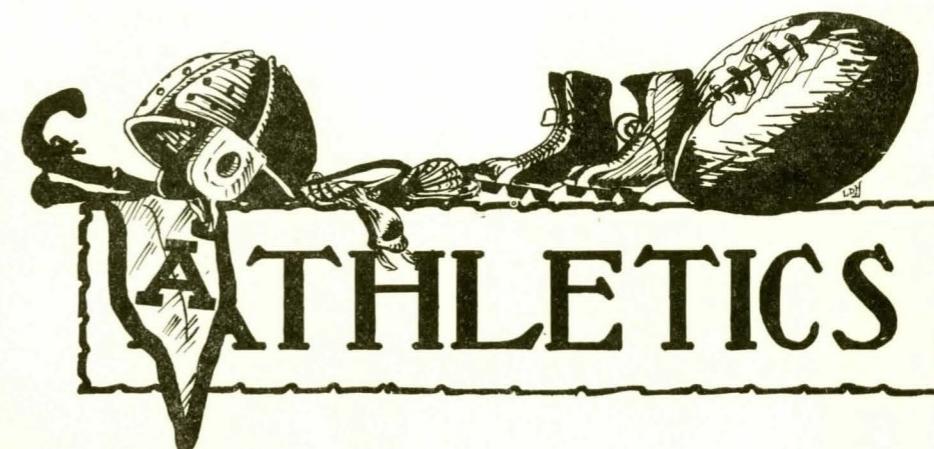
At 2:30 the delegates were entertained at the Grinnell-Cornell football game in which Grinnell was defeated.

Teacher: "What is steam?"

Betty: "It's water gone crazy with the heat."

An after-dinner speaker, before starting his speech, pinned on the inside of his coat pocket the names of those who entered into his talk.

"There are those," he began, "whose names are left indelibly on the pages of history, and among them stands out the 'Father of Our Country; (he opened his pocket)—George Washington. There in the critical time of the Civil War arose the greatest man of his time, namely (he paused and looked down)—Abe Lincoln; and in the present day are the three most outstanding characters of the decade (he consulted his pocket—alas, the paper had slipped)—Hart, Schaffner and Marx."



FOOTBALL REVIEW

Although we can't brag about our football victories we can say that Ames High played hard, against odds and luck. The fact that we won but one game does not tell the whole story and upon looking back we find that no team piled up a very large score on us.

The fact that eight opponents, the strongest teams in the state, were only able to tally sixty-nine points against us, shows our team to be a weak scoring machine, strong defensively.

Story City Game

Saturday September 23rd, Ames played Story City on the State field and met unexpected defeat by the score of 13 to 0. This was a surprise but now we know it was no disgrace for it turned out that Story City had a very good team.

The West High Game

Ames continued its losing streak and lost to West High here Saturday, September 30. It was a hard fought game and the winner was in doubt until the last five minutes of play when West High succeeded in pushing over a touchdown. The game ended 7 to 0 in favor of West High.

We Beat Iowa Falls

Ames won its first game of the season when they defeated Iowa Falls by the score of 13 to 8, at Iowa Falls Saturday, October 7. Ames won by their better knowledge of the rules.

Ames-Nevada

The Nevada game that was played at Ne-

ada on Saturday, October 14, was lost after a hard fight. It looked like it was going to be a nothing to nothing tie until with but three minutes to play they completed a ten yard pass that was good for a touchdown.

We Lose to Boone

Saturday, October 21st, on the State field, after out-playing Boone the first half Ames went down under a 9 to 0 defeat in the final quarters. The team fought hard but seemed to weaken in the last half.

Ames 0—Fort Dodge 0

Ames and Fort Dodge battled to a nothing to nothing tie Saturday, October 28th, at Fort Dodge. It was rather a slow game with neither team showing much on the offence. Howell, Holsinger, and Morris starred for Ames.

Marshalltown Game

Saturday, November 4th, the Young Cyclones lost to Marshalltown, by a score of 19 to 0. This was not so bad as it appears for Marshalltown has a very strong team and are strong contenders for the state championship. Howell, Rew and Carberry starred for Ames.

Ames 2—Grinnell 6

The Grinnell game was the last one of the season and also was one of the hardest fought ones. Three regular players were ineligible but the team played well and would have won if luck had been on our side. The game was played Saturday, November 11th, on the State field.

BASKETBALL PROSPECTS GOOD

With the end of the football season, all eyes are turned towards basketball and everyone is wondering what kind of a basketball team Ames High will have this year.

We are going to have a "humdinger" of a team from the way things look now. Here is the dope. Ames has six "A" men back, namely, Holsinger and Iden centers, Marten forward, Coe, Allen and Morris guards. However, Morris will now be able to play after the first semester because the new eight semester rule has been declared illegal. Other men who played last year but did not win their letter are Copeland and Rew.

Ames is unusually lucky this year in having players enrolled here that played basketball in other schools. Three new men that are very good prospects are: Mays, Shultz and Daubert. Last year Mays was captain of the St. Patrick Academy at Iowa City, while Shultz, from Lacona, was an all tournament forward at the Indianola tournament and Daubert played on the Dubuque team.

The schedule for this year is as follows:
Dec. 22 Jefferson at Ames.
Jan. 12 Boone at Boone.
Jan. 13 Gilbert at Ames.
Jan. 19 Nevada at Nevada.
Jan. 26 Webster City at Ames.
Jan. 27 Gilbert at Gilbert.
Feb. 3 Marshalltown at Ames.
Feb. 16 Story City at Story City.
Feb. 23 Webster City at Webster City.
March 2 Marshalltown at Marshalltown.
March 9 Story City at Ames.

Football Fan: "Anybody's a fool to pay money to see this kind of football."

Second Ditto: "Yes; but no matter what you pay to get in, you always get four quarters back."

I asked a girl to wed, and she said
Go to father;
She knew that I knew that her father
was dead,
She knew that I knew what a life he
had led,
She knew that I knew what she meant
when she said,
Go to—father.

ORGANIZATIONS**Dramatic Club**

The dramatic club at their meeting November 17 continued the study of factors of a play. The following reports were given:

"Scenery of a Stage"—Dorothy Allen.

"Costumes and Make-up"—Florence Barr.

"Suggestions for the Coach"—Miss Lynch.

Helen Cagin then gave a reading entitled, "Engine Summer." Following this Katherine Judge gave a current event on "Robin Hood Rides Upon the Screen."

DEBATE

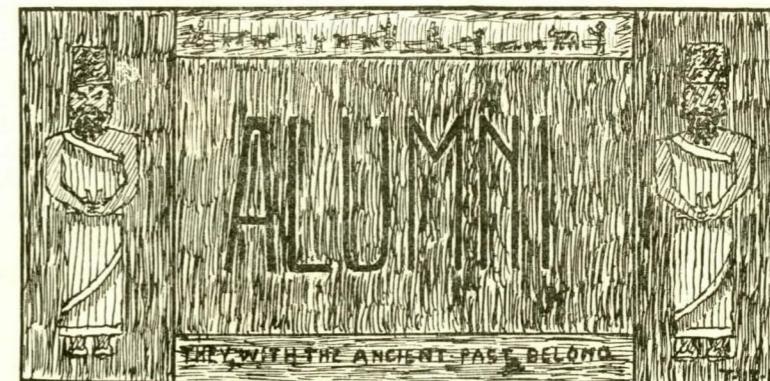
Mr. Mast who is to coach the debators this year has already had several meetings of those interested. The question to be used has not yet been definitely decided and the work now is in elocution.

TO THE FRESHMAN

Ah Little Prep, your kinda small
And kinda bashful too—
You do your work the best you can
It's the only way to do.
Your pretty happy all the time,
You take the digs and jeers
And when the teacher calls you down
It nearly brings the tears.
You seem to be the best of boys
And the best of girls too—
I bet you'll all be happy though,
When this long year is through,
Your all a laughin' at your friends
When the upper kids annoy,
But its seen your kinda scared
Of all the big girls and boys.
I Warn ya just to watch your step
And not insult a one
There's lots of switches growin'
And we must have our fun.
But hold your own with those big guys
And do not show your fear
Cause you have fun a coming
At the start of the coming year.

Lon Link, '24.

Wifey: "Do you think there is a man that could conscientiously say to his wife: 'You are the only woman I ever loved?'"
Hubby: "Only one that I can think of."
Wifey: "Who? You, dearest?"
Hubby: "Oh, no, Adam!"

**ALUMNI**

The following members of the class of '21 are attending I. S. C.: Mary Reed, Mary Wasser, Agnes Noble, Burnita Burton, Leslie McWilliams, Fred Stoddard, Floyd Scarbrough, Mildred Grist, Gertrude Murrary, Margaret Macy and Agnes McCarthy.

Merle VanEpps another member of the class of '21 is taking a business course at the C. C. C. at Des Moines.

Clinton Adams is a Sophomore this year at Northwestern.

Robert Murray is in Denver, Colorado where his parents have moved.

'22

Melvina Allen is a stenographer at the Union National Bank.

Durwood Early is attending I. S. C. and taking Industrial Science.

Alice Clark and Blanche Belknap are taking Home Economics at I. S. C. Blanche is showing evidence of becoming a real hocky player.

Maurice Smith, editor-in-chief of the Spirit last year, is attending I. S. C.

Faye Caul is attending Denison University at Granville, Ohio.

Reese Roberson is attending I. S. C., home economics department.

Doris Gray is a stenographer this year at the college.

Violet Field is a reporter for the Ames Daily Tribune.

Dorothy Miller is attending Upper Iowa University at Fayette, Iowa, where she is studying music.

Miss Naomi Eaker, who graduated from

Ames High School two years ago was married to Mr. Fred Eggers, at the home of her parents in Nevada, Friday, November 3rd, at eight o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Eggers will make their home at Fairfield where Mr. Eggers is an instructor in the High School.

Not to Be Trusted

Some years ago in a western state, then a territory, a popular citizen became involved with an influential and overbearing character and killed him.

Public sentiment leaned toward the defendant, but the law was against him, and when the day of trial came, the defendant, his counsel and friends held a consultation, and, fearful of the consequences, they decided that the defendant should plead guilty and beg the court's mercy.

The jury was charged by the court and retired. Presently it returned, and the foreman said:

"We find the defendant not guilty."

The judge viewed the jury in surprise, and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, how be it? This defendant pleads guilty, and you find him not guilty?"

"Well, your Honor, the defendant is such a liar we can't believe him under oath."—The Progressive Grocer.

There was an old man from Alorun,
He had old pants and he woreum,
He skipped and he laughed
And he felt a side draft
And he knew very well where he torem.

NEWS

NEWS

Marjorie Nordstrum returned to school Monday after three weeks absence.

Pauline Smutz went to Des Moines Monday to consult a specialist.

Mrs. Young was called to her home in Cedar Falls on Thursday on account of the death of her father.

Elizabeth Gernes and Marian Hagan went to Boone Saturday.

Marjorie Acheson spent Sunday in Des Moines.

Mabel Lawler was absent Monday morning because of illness.

Lola Griffith entertained several friends at a party Saturday night.

Jottie Winter was in Des Moines Saturday.

Lina Michels spent Sunday in Boone.

Ruth Fuchs spent the week-end with Fern Huntley.

Eva Hennick of Boone visited Doris Sherman last week.

Miss Easter spent the week-end in Greenfield.

Alice Acheson spent Sunday in Des Moines.

Friday night Mabel Lawler had a slumber (?) party at her home. In the morning the girls cooked their breakfast in the woods. They didn't say what they had to eat I understand the coffee boiled dry.

Geneva Kulow spent the week-end in Kelly.

Mr. Wooters a director of the National Grain Growers Association spoke to the fourth period Economics class Monday, on Cisn Growing. He is also an officer in the Iowa Farm Bureau.

Florence Perkins and Dorothy Paisley went to Des Moines Saturday.

SOCIETY

Thora Moseness and Lola Griffith entertained a group of their friends, Friday evening, November 17. The evening was spent dancing and playing games.

The main attraction of the evening was a

Mabel Lawler went to Nevada Saturday.

Miss Miller attended the A. T. O. House dance Saturday evening. She spent Sunday at home tatting.

Miss McCorkindale spent a thrilling weekend in Ames. On Sunday afternoon, Clark Ti'gen visited her at her new home.

Paul Halloway met with an accident Thursday when he ran into a Paige car with his motorcycle but he received no injuries.

Don Kennedy who has been out of school for the past several weeks on account of illness is now back.

Hiram Roe spent the week-end in Fort Dodge and Humboldt.

Cleo Lockwood, Frank Travers, and Dorothy Thompson, and Lawrence O'Toole drove to Boone Sunday and went to a show.

Ruby Brodwell and Hazel Wasteny drove to Boone Saturday.

Harriet King, Isabell Murphy, Dorothy Dunlap, Helen Alm, and Dorothy Duckworth served at the Chi-Omega banquet Friday night.

Have you noticed, since the cold weather, Mr. Minnick has been wearing his spats.

Paul Halloway drove to State Center on business Saturday.

Anita Sill and Frances Cole went to Des Moines Saturday on business.

The Latin I Class had a spell-down Friday, on vocabulary.

Chester Ide has moved from 621 Duff to 816 Brookridge Ave.

vocal selection entitled "The Sheik," by Tom Carberry. We hear that Frances Cole spent a very profitable evening.

Fruit salad, cake and water was served, and toothpicks if wanted.

The Awinita Campfire met at Angeline Feroe's Wednesday night, November 15. After a short business meeting, the rest of the evening was spent dancing and playing games.

Light refreshments were served by the hostess. The meeting adjourned to meet at Lillian Nelson's November 22.

All the Campfire groups of Ames enjoyed a hike Saturday afternoon, November 18. About eighty girls took part in the Grand Council Fire that was held in the North Woods.

Dorothy Duckworth entertained Marian Hagan, Harriet King, and Elizabeth Gernes Sunday afternoon. Most of the time was spent trying to pull sticky taffy.

COME ALL YE—DUMBELLS

Due to the fact that the six-weeks' tests are over, in which we made such enormous progress, we have decided to inaugurate this contest and intellectual banquet at which all the student body may feast. We'd like to find out what you do know, and incidentally what you don't know. With the expenditure of a great deal of mental energy (nothing else) we have been able to procure the following prizes:

The first prize is a ring (on the telephone).

The second prize is two dozen kisses (candy).

The third prize as a combination toothpick, can-opener, radio-set, and vanity case (vest pocket size).

Note—In case of an even tie for any of these prizes, the customary rule with regard to tied contestants will hold; viz: —no prizes will be awarded.

Anyone who can explain the fourth dimension of Dr. Einstein's theory will be excluded from this contest.

Contest closes at high noon Saturday night.

Use application blank No. 6773284334 AA.

This contest is open only to those of the genus homo.

All students entering this contest will automatically lose their 1st six-weeks' grades.

Make your answers as complicated as possible.

The questions follow each other consecutively in arithmetical progression.

Group 1. General Proficiency

1. How much does a ton of coal weigh?
2. Who wrote the following quotation: "First in war, first in peace, and last in the League of Nations."
3. In what play of Shakespeare's do you find the following: "It certainly is a nice day?" (Anyone answering this question will receive no credit for the examination).
4. Who is the weather man?
5. Is Mother Nature Father Time's Wife?

Group 2. General Efficiency.

1. If an automobile goes sixty miles an hour on a rainy day, what is the wattage of a lightning-bug's dynamo?
2. If a clock runs down; stops, describe in detail the process necessary to cause it to resume its chronological activity.
3. If a typewriter breaks down, how far will a locomotive run on a shovel of coal?
4. If an elevator makes three trips a minute, in half an hour, how many feet will it go in a day and a half?
5. Describe a laboratory experiment illustrating the mechanical advantage of the League of Nations.

Group 3. Other Generals

1. Name them.
 2. Sing the fifth verse of the Star-Spangled Banner.
 3. Do you expect to leave footprints in the sands of time?
 4. In what year was the law of supply and demand passed?
 5. Who won the war?
- All replies should be submitted to Mr. Shaw—S. O. S., who is acting as judge of the contest. The names of the prize winners will not be published as we hate to show the public what a blooming idiot you really are. Let's Go.



The exchange department of the school paper is not only for the benefit of the school paper but for the whole high school, so from now on the exchange papers will be the outer office of Mr. Wygant's office, for the high school to read. Let's be fair with these papers and put them back, for others; probably others want to read them. Let's follow Mr. Wygant's request and be careful not to let the papers get on the floor.

"The Echo"—Luverne, Minnesota
Hallowe'en party well attended, it was a masquerade, anyway by reports every one must have had a good time.

"The Clipper"—Monmouth, Ill.

We are glad to see "Chuck" Welch's (one of Ames High former students) name so well praised by Monmouth High students, especially his athletics.

"The Crucible"—Rochester, Ill.

The school board at Rochester have consented to construct a swimming pool for the High School students.

"The Penn Chronicle"—Oskaloosa, Iowa
The girls of Penn College enjoyed a "Hare and Hound Chase." It proved to be great sport.

"The Needle"—Atlantic, Iowa
The Atlantic High School were fortunate enough to have Governor Kendall speak to them in assembly.

"The Elgin High School Mirror"—Elgin, Ill.

Elgin H. S. to have home-coming dance at High School gym.

"Brookings School News"—Brookings, S. D.
At all high school play is to be given at E. H. S. The play is "The "Bluffer." It is to be given November 24th, at the high school.

"The Opinion"—Peoria, Ill.
The November literary edition of the Opinion certainly is a 100 percent literary number.

"The Echo"—Kearney, Nebraska
Girls reserves held a successful luncheon the luncheon was well attended by the H. S. girls. Great interest is being shown toward this organization.

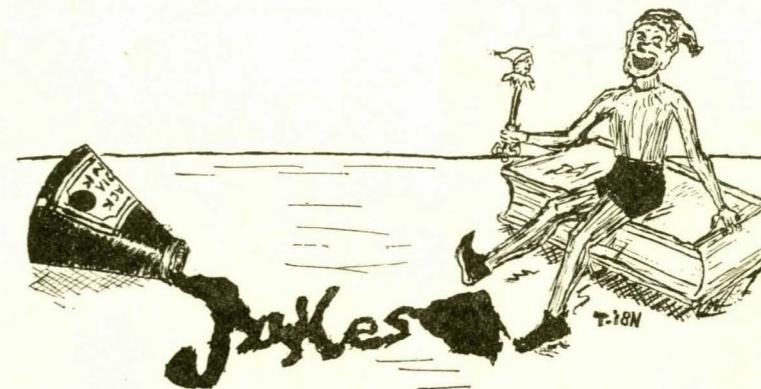
"Newtonia"—Newton, Iowa
Declamatory work, under direction of Miss Clara Larkin is progressing successfully.

"Red and White"—Iowa City, Iowa
Iowa City high school students entertain the Clinton Hi Football team at a mixer.

"Roosevelt News"—Seattle, Wash.
The seniors of Roosevelt High School are giving their senior class play December 15 and 16.

"The Franklin"—Franklin, Indiana
(College Paper)
The "Phi Delta Theta" won the Franklin college inter-fraternity swimming meet.

"The Talisman"—Ballard Hi, Seattle, Wash.
"Own Your Own Book" is slogan at Ballard High School in Seattle, Wash.



"Well I hear you've named the twins after our rich aunt, Henrietta."

"But if you named one Henrietta, what did you name the other one?"

"Oh, we named one Henri, and the other, Etta."

My idea of an easy job would be road inspector for a Steamship Company.

An old negro went into a drug store and going up to a clerk, said, "Ah wants one of dem plasters what you puts on your back."

"Oh," said the clerk, "you mean a porous plaster."

"No," said the darkey, "Ah don' want none ob your porous plaster; Ah wants the best one yiu've got."

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WEBSTER'S FAMOUS FUDGE
LOWRY PHARMACY

The Rexall Store

YOUR MEMORY BOOK
will be priceless to you in later years. Start it now and it will be a lasting pleasure to keep it up. See the line at
REYNOLDS & IVERSEN
Ames News Stand

WHEN THE WAR IS GOING TO END

Absolute knowledge you have none
My aunt's washwoman, sister's son
Heard of a policeman on his beat,
Say to a laborer in the street
That he had a letter just last week
Written in the finest Greek,
From a Chinese Cook in a Texas town
Who got it straight from a Circus clown
Of a man in Barneo, who claimed to know
That his wives seventh husband sisters
 niece
Stated it in a written piece,
That she knew when the war was going to
 end.
When they sign the armistice then will come
 the end.

In his earlier days Mister Brown used to play the flute. One day a salesman tried to induce him to buy a phonograph and he suggested to Brown that he play his flute to test the machine. After hearing the record the flutist said, "Is that what I did,"
"Yes Sir."
"Exactly as I played it,"
"Exactly, sir, isn't it wonderful?"
"You'll buy the phonograph?"
"No," said Brown shuddering, "I'll sell the flute."

'Twas midnight on the ocean,
Not a street car was in sight,
The sun was shining brightly,
And it rained all day that night.

'Twas a summer day in winter,
The snowflakes fell like glass,
As a barefoot boy with shoes on,
 Stood sitting on the grass.

'Twas evening and the rising sun
Was setting in the west,
And the little fishes in the trees
Were huddled in their nest.

While the organ peeled potatoes
Lard was rendered by the choir,
And as the sexton rang the dishrag,
 Someone set the church on fire.

"Holy Smoke!" the preacher shouted,
In the rush he lost his hair.
Now his head resembles heaven,
 For there is no parting there.

The
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Why We Like to Sell
Whitman's
CANDIES

1. *We think they are absolutely the nicest candies we know of.*
2. *They have the largest assortment of packages to select from.*
3. *They come direct from Whitman's to us, to you—no jobber or middleman to hold them a week or two.*
4. *Always the same, fresh, good and pure.*
5. *They are a business people, with business methods. If at any time you should happen to get a package that for any reason does not please you, they back us in making it right.*
6. *We know you are better satisfied when you get a package of Whitman's.*
7. *Last, but not least, they are the makers and we are the sellers of the world's greatest package of candy—THE SAMPLER.*

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VOCALIAN RECORDS**

Adams-Henderson Furniture Company

Telephone Comedy

Heard over the telephone:

"Are you there?"
"Yes."
"What's your name?"
"Watt's my name."
"Yes; what's your name?"
"I say my name is Watt."
"You're Jones?"
"No, I'm Knott."
"Will you tell me your name?"
"Will Knott."
"Why won't you?"
"I say my name is Will Knott."
"Oh, I beg your pardon"—then you'll be in this afternoon if I come around, Watt?"
And they rang off.

Miss Jones (in History III): "Where did the Dutch settle in Africa?"

Rudolph S.: "On Cape of Good Hope or Cape Cod." (Laughs from the class).

Rudolph S.: "Anyway, it was on some cape or other." (More laughs.)

Miss McCorkindale: "The English traded glass, beads and little bells with the Indians for furs."

Pupil: "What did the Indians want with little bells?"

Grace Stevens: "Why, they put them on their goulashes, of course."

JOEL E. CAGWIN.
MANUFACTURING PHARMACIST
AMES, IOWA.

Say It with Flowers
THANKSGIVING DAY

F. J. OLSAN & SONS

Flowers for all occasions

Mouse: (After licking up the leakings of a whiskey barrel).

"Now bring on your cats." T'was the nite before Xmas And all thru the house, Not a creature was stirring, Not even a mouse. The stockings were hung By the window with care, They'd been worn for six months, And they needed the air.

A man, upon registering at a hotel, asked the clerk what hours they served meals.

The clerk replied, "Breakfast is served from seven to eleven; Lunch from eleven to two; tea from two to five; dinner from five to eight and supper from eight to twelve."

"My gosh man," replied the stranger, "When does a fellow have time to see the town?"

Child: "Father, you were born in California, you say?"

Father: "Yes, my son."

Child: "And mother was born in New Ycrk?"

Father: "Yes, my son."

Child: "And I was born in Indiana?"

Father: "Yes, my boy."

Child: "Well, dad, don't it beat the Dutch how we all got together?"

Bill: "That's a bird of a new building we have."

Jie: "Yes, I noticed the wings."

December
GENNETT RECORDS
now at

Nelson Electric
Company

Leather Pushers Twin Star Mon., Tues

"LEATHER PUSHERS"
from
H. C. WITWER'S
Famous Prize Ring Stories in
"Collier's Weekly"
featuring
REGINALD DENNY
as
KANE HOLLIDAY
alias
"KID" ROBERTS

in his quest for the heavy-weight
championship!

Many of you have read these wonderful stories—now you can see the famous Witwer Characters actually in action!

NOTE.—This is not a serial, but a series of the greatest short stories ever screened.

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Artistic Picture Framing
Kodak Finishing

Whitman's, Cranes and Huyler's

Box Chocolates

THE
CHOCOLATE
SHOP

Luncheonette

Fountain Service

An advertisement in a newspaper reads:
"For sale: Bakers business, good trade,
large oven, owner's been in it for twelve
years."

If you take a girl home from a dance
at 2 a. m. and she invites you in, politely
refuse and send me her address.

The ball room is gleaming with brilliance
and light,
Of beauty and wealth there's no lack;
But there isn't a woman in all that vast
gathering,
Who has a whole dress to her back!

He who sitteth on a red hot poker shall
rise again.

Woe unto him who has to walk for he
shall wear out his sole.

We love our teachers like cats love water.
No John, that can't be a garter snake
why it's not half big enough.

Overcoats You'll Like Moderately Priced

You'll like the styles, big, burly Ulsters,
either with half belts or belts all around.
You'll like the rich colorings, the plaid patterns
on the reverse side of the cloth. And
you'll like the way they wear a long time after
you've forgotten the price you paid.



THEY'RE VERY REASONABLE

\$17.50 \$27.50 \$37.50

TILDEN'S STORE for MEN

**BUY
YOUR**



XMAS TOYS FOR THE KIDDIES
and
GIFTS OF UTILITY FOR OLDER FOLK
from

Hagen & McCormac

In Geometry class a boy says A B is identical to A B and the teacher asked him why. Because it looks almost the same he replied.

Fifth Period Study Hall:
Lon (looking at board): "Spirits out at noon."

Edith (listening to radiator rattle): "Sounds like they are trying to get out now."

In chemistry, Paul Edwards and Glen Raebuck were discussing which one had performed the most experiments. Said Glen, "I've done six," said Paul, "But I've done six that I remember."

Chas. D.: "Where did you get that hair net, at the dime store?"

Mabel Lawler: "No, this came from Texas."

Chas. D.: "Good for him."

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Money**

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— AND —
OVERCOATS

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You'll get a lot of joy from the fine tailoring in these garments. You'll get new satisfaction, too, in the long wear and the style that stays good looking.

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in and see—it will be worth your

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